I may be prowd. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me neere her; and this beutteous Morne
(The prim'ſt of all the yeare) preſents me with
A brace of horſes, two ſuch Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
Poore Coſen *Palamon*, poore priſoner, thou
So little dream'ſt upon my fortune, that
Thou thinkſt thy ſelfe, the happier thing, to be
So neare *Emilia*, me thou deem'ſt at *Thebs*,
And therein wretched, although free; But if
Thou knew'ſt my Miſtris breathd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
What paſſion would encloſe thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Buſh, with his Shackles; bends his fiſt at Arcite.*

*Palamon.* Traytor kinſeman,
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my paſſion, if theſe ſignes
Of priſonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
I, and the iuſtice of my love would make thee
A confeſt Traytor, o thou moſt perſidious
That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour
That eu'r bore gentle Token; falſeſt Coſen
That ever blood made kin, call'ſt thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my Shackles, with theſe hands,
Void of appointment, that thou ly'ſt, and art
A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
And theſe houſe clogges away.

*Arc.* Deere Coſin *Palamon*,

*Pal.* Coſoner *Arcite*, give me language, ſuch
As thou haſt ſhewd me feate.

*Arc.* Not finding in
The circuit of my breaſt, any groſſe ſtuffe
To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleneſſe of anſwer; tis your paſſion
That thus miſtakes, the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honeſtie





I cheriſh, and depend on, how
You skip them in me, and wit
Ile maintaine my proceeding
To ſhew in generous termes,
Your queſtion's with your eq
To cleare his owne way, with
Of a true Gentleman.

*Pal.* That thou durſt *Arc*

*Arc.* My Coz, my Coz, you
How much I dare, y'ave ſeen
Againſt th'advice of feare: ſu
You would not heare me dou
Should breake out, though i't

*Pal.* Sir,
I have ſeene you move in ſuch
Might juſtifie your manhood
A good knight and a bold;
If any day it rayne: Their val
Men looſe when they enclin
And then they fight like com
Were they not tyde.

*Arc.* Kinſman, you might
Speake this, and act it in your
His eare, which now diſdain

*Pal.* Come up to me,
Quit me of theſe cold Gyves
Though it be ruſtie, and the c
Of one meale lend me; Come
A good Sword in thy hand, a
That *Emily* is thine, I will to
The treſpaſſe thou haſt done
If then thou carry't, and brav
That have dyde manly, which
Some newes from earth, they
That thou art brave, and nob

*Arc.* Be content,
Againe betake you to your ha
With counſaile of the night,
With wholeſome viands; th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY